THE EXAMINER.

N°. 353. SUNDAY, OCT. 2, 1814.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the reasons mentioned in last *Examiner*, the Editor will be excused this week from furnishing the usual article at the head of the paper. It is true, that after a severer attack than almost any he has experienced since his illness, he finds himself—not indeed in a condition to look bluff and insolent like a jolly fellow reviving from loss of appetite, nor to give that modest answer to enquirers, which you sometimes hear from pallid and meagre jaws, of "*Charming*, I thank'ee,"—but certainly considerably better, and with feelings that he has not known for a long time. But in order to continue in an improving condition, he has found by experience that persons in his state of health must not over-exert themselves upon such occasions; and perhaps if he takes his present chance of amendment, which is the second he has had since he came to this place, he may be enabled, as far as human being can reckon upon such matters, to do without excuses in future, and write with as much healthy regularity, and as much pleasure to himself, as he trusts he has always done with healthiness of opinion, and as it would appear, with gratification to his readers.

An additional reason for husbanding his strength as much as possible, and keeping himself in such condition as may enable him to take advantage of the opportunities of health afforded him when he gets at large, is an intention on the part of this Journal, to commence the new year not only with fresh spirit, but what is more (for we flatter ourselves it's spirit has never declined in any nobler respect) with a fresh type. "Hey! exclaims some old gentleman, sidling nearer the window, and resuming his spectacles after giving them a rub;—"a *fresh type!* The *Examiner* and a fresh type! Why, they might as well talk of an old law parchment printed by BULMER." We admit the joke; we like to think that our readers are merry, especially the more venerable part of them, and during an easterly wind; and to say the truth, the type of our paper has for some time been a weak side with us, which the more charitable part of our friends abstained from touching. Not to mention however our own consciousness on this head, there are some perverse fellows, who will let none of your infirmities rest, whatever may be the balance against them in other respects, or to speak more properly perhaps, who are more quicksighted to the former, because they have little discernment on the other score. It is in vain you may write sensibly to such persons, or lay before them the correctest opinions, unless there has been an equal correctness on the part of the compositor; the most brilliant wit shall have no effect on them, if a word or so in the printing be faded; and a period, which you have been building in a lofty mood, and which you flatter yourself is in a taste equally beautiful and solid, shall be overthrown in an instant by an unlucky *n* turned upside down. There is more modesty in these people than they imagine; for this kind of pertinacious detection of small deficiencies and insisting upon minute perfections, is only, in fact, so much half conscious and half unconscious pains-taking to shew you that they really have discernment in something, though you might previously have concluded otherwise. To these annoyers, is to be added the tribe of professed wags, whom, as an unfortunate and laborious race of men, destined to practise a kind of intellectual tumbling before every body they meet, we are, upon the whole, induced to overlook; but there are some other rogues of wittier pretensions who have not let us alone; and what is worse, we have not been spared that severest of all assaults, the dry observations of sensible men of the lower orders, put with all imaginable modesty and simplicity, and sometimes in the form of a report or the tone of a question. The former of these friends of ours, understanding, as is partly the case, that a worn-out type is a mark of a certain flourishing in such concerns, have expressed their satisfaction at the very prosperous and fading appearance of our establishment, and asked when they should have to congratulate us upon being illegible. One of the latter,—a specimen of the solid English plebeian,—with whom we were talking not long ago, and who after shaking his head at the French as "a flighty people," hoped that the various Potentates would shew themselves better, and agreed with us that the safest proceeding for the BOURBONS would be to make the bulk of the people as happy as possible, concluded his observations by saying, in the simplest and most unanswerable tone in the world,—"But they tell me, Sir, that you ought to have a new type."

These matters, however, will be duly set forth in a new Prospectus. The usual article, we trust, will make it's appearance in this place next week; and in the mean time, our judgment must play the physician with our inclination, and induce us to have done talking.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, SEPT. 23.—Letters from Vienna state, that there will be preliminary negociations between the Plenipotentiaries of the Sovereigns at Baden, near Vienna, in the hotel of Prince Metternich. These negociations will last about a week: the Congress will then be opened.—The Pope is expected to lay before the Congress a plan of organization for the Church of Germany.—At Rome the Freemasons, and persons suspected of being Freemasons, are prosecuted with a zeal that increases daily.—We are

ssured that the Chamber of Deputies, in their last secret sitting, *unanimously* rejected the amendments proposed by the Chamber of Peers, relative to the Civil List. The most important of these was that which fixed at six instead of four millions, the revenue of the Princes of the Royal Family for 1814.

GERMANY.

HANOVER, SEPT. 12.—The affairs of Norway are not yet settled. It is certain that there are two parties in that country, and that one which persists in opposing the Swedes accuse openly and publicly of treason the Counsellor of Prince Christian.—The insurrection of the city of Christiania is quelled; but the minds of the people are not entirely quieted. Prince Christian continues to live in the country; he affects not to take any part in what has passed; he leads a private life.

AUGSBURG, SEPT. 20.—Politicians, who will explain every thing, and who have their eyes always fixed upon the movements of Princes, of Ambassadors, and upon the march of Armies, are sometimes mistaken in their conjectures. It was said that her Majesty the Empress of Russia would set out on the 17th, at the latest, for Vienna; orders were given for her departure. She has, however, taken up her residence in the castle of Munich, where she will remain until she receives a courier from the Emperor.—His Imperial Highness the Archduke Palatine set out on the 14th from Vienna for Cracow, passing by Brunn, in Moravia, before that Monarch. But, on the other hand, it is said that the Emperor Alexander will receive from the Cabinet of the Emperor of Austria some dispatches of great importance, which may make some alteration in his journey. It appears that the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland causes some uneasiness to Austria, and that that Power is extremely anxious to know the intentions of the Court of Petersburgh upon the subject. Gallicia is at present, one of the richest provinces of the Austrian Empire; from that she can watch the movements of Russia and Prussia, and it covers a part of Hungary. It will be difficult to give Austria an equivalent.—It is said, that Prince Eugene Beauharnois will accompany the King of Bavaria.

SPAIN.

CADIZ, AUG. 30.—There has been a riot here between the party of the King and that of the Cortes; the former had the advantage. Eight of the principal Chiefs have been executed, and the trial of many others is going on. It is said, that similar executions will take place at Madrid; and that the King has retired for a short time to Aranjuez. Those who are the best acquainted with the Spanish character, are convinced that terror is not the proper means to restore tranquillity. It is surprising that the King does not follow, at such a moment, the example of other Sovereigns, who are distinguishing themselves for their clemency and moderation. Discontent every day gains ground, and if the Government does not change its system, we shall not be surprised to see an emigration of the greater part of the population.

AMERICA.

BRITISH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK ON FORT ERIE.

Head-quarters, Camp before Fort Erie, Aug. 12, 1814.

GENERAL ORDER.

Lieut.-General Drummond congratulates the army on the brilliant achievement executed last night by Capt. Dobbs, of the Royal Navy, and a party of seamen and marines, who, in the most gallant style, boarded, and, after a short struggle, carried two of the enemy's armed schooners, anchored close to Fort Erie. Accident alone prevented the capture of the third schooner; those captured are the Somers and Porcupine, the former mounts two long 12 pounders, and the latter one 12. They were commanded by Lieutenants, and had on board 35 men each.—The Lieutenant-General laments to find that Lieut. Radcliffe, Commander of his Majesty's schooner Netley, has fallen on this occasion; he was killed in the act of boarding. He will be buried at twelve o'clock, with such marks of respect as circumstances will permit; besides Mr. Radcliffe, our loss has been one seaman killed and four wounded. The enemy's loss is one seaman killed, three officers and four seamen wounded.

J. HARVEY, Lieut. Col. Dep. Adj. Gen.

Head-quarters, Montreal, Aug. 25, 1814.

GENERAL ORDER.

In promulgating to the troops an extract from a District General Order, issued by Lieut.-Gen. Drummond, in consequence of the capture of two of the enemy's schooners, the Commander of the Forces avails himself of the opportunity it presents, to acknowledge the high sense he entertains of the valuable services rendered to the right division by Captain Dobbs, of the Royal Navy, and the officers and seamen under his command.—This event, so ably planned and so gallantly executed, was followed by a general attack of the enemy's forts and entrenchments.—Lieut.-Gen. Drummond reports, that the spirit with which it was undertaken, enabled our troops to surmount every obstacle; Fort Erie and the entrenchments were entered, the guns turned on the Barrack Block-house (the enemy's last refuge), when unfortunately, a most violent explosion occurred on the battery, in its effect destroying and disabling many a valuable officer and soldier, and causing such a consternation, as to induce the remaining troops to abandon the works, and all those advantages which they had gained by their determined conduct, and precipitately to retire to our first approaches.—From other causes, almost inseparable from night operations carrying on in a close and difficult country, the right column failed in the object it had to accomplish.—With deep regret the Commander of the Forces records the loss his Majesty's service has sustained on this occasion.

Killed, Wounded, and Missing.

Killed.—1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 1 drummer, 51 rank and file.

Wounded.—1 major, 9 captains, 11 lieutenants, 2 ensigns, 1 master, 20 serjeants, 3 drummers, 262 rank and file.

Missing.—2 captains, 3 lieutenants, 2 ensigns, 1 adjutant, 1 midshipman, 41 serjeants, 3 drummers, 486 rank and file.

Total.—1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 12 captains, 15 Lieutenants, 4 ensigns, 1 adjutant, 1 master, 1 midshipman, 62 serjeants, 7 drummers, 799 rank and file.

Officers Killed.—1st, or Royal Scots, Capt. Torrens.—8th, or King's Regiment, Lieut. Noel.—103d Regiment, Colonel Scott.—104th Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Drummond.

Officers Wounded.—Royal Navy, Capt. Dobbs and Lieut. Stevenson, slightly; and Mr. Harris, Master, severely.—1st, or Royal Scots, Capt. Rowan, severely; Lieutenant Vaughan, slightly.—8th, or King's, Lieut. Young, slightly.—41st Regiment, flank companies, Captains Glew and Bullock, severely; Lieut. Hailes, slightly; Ensign Townshend, severely.—89th Regiment, Capt. Barney, Acting Assistant Engineer, severely.—100th Regiment, Lieutenant Murray, wounded and prisoner; Volunteer Fraser, severely.—103d Regiment, Major Smelt and Capt. Gardner, severely; Capt. Colclough and Lieut. Charleston, severely and prisoners; Lieut. Fallow, severely; Lieut. Coppage, jun. dangerously; Lieut. Meagher, slightly; Lieuts. Burrows and Hazen, and Ensign Nash, severely.—104th Regiment, flank companies, Capt. Leonard and Lieut. M'Lachlan, severely.

Officers Missing.—General Staff, Capt. Elliott, Deputy Assistant-Quarter-Master-General.—Royal Navy, Mr. Hyde, Midshipman.—41st, Flank Companies, Lieut. Gardner and

Ensign Hall.—103d Regiment, Capt. Irwin, Lieut. Kaye, Ensign Huey, Lieut. and Adjutant Pettit.

EDWARD BAYNES, Adj.-Gen. A. A.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

A shocking accident happened on Monday week, near the Gobowen, Oswestry:—Robert Jones, a labourer, having gone down into a well for the purpose of cleaning it, the brickwork gave way, and he was buried under a mass of brick and rubbish, about seven yards deep. In expectation that he was suffocated, no continued endeavours were made for the recovery of the corpse. The work, therefore, went on but slowly, until Wednesday week, when some experienced colliers came from Chirk, and worked till night. On Thursday morning, about ten o'clock, they were astonished by the voice of the unhappy sufferer, from the bottom of the well. Immediately the greatest exertions were made. At three in the afternoon, they had so far cleared the well as to be able to reach the man's face, and to administer, under a surgeon's direction, a small quantity of warm water gruel:—but it was not till about three o'clock on Friday that they could clear all the rubbish from about his head; nor until the poor man had expired about half an hour; so that twelve hours had elapsed from the time that they gave food to the unfortunate sufferer before they could clear the rubbish from his head.

A fatal duel took place lately at Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthenshire. It appears that a Mr. Hislop, a gentleman of respectable family, went to Newcastle to view an estate which was about to be sold, and was invited by Mr. B——, of that place, to dinner on Thursday week. The former, however, behaved in an unbecoming manner, and used improper language, for which he was reprimanded; he then quitted the house, and challenged Mr. B. to meet him in the morning. Mr. B. hoping that passion would subside, replied, that he was engaged on the Friday, but if he demanded it, would meet Mr. Hislop on the Saturday. Accordingly, on Saturday week, the parties met, accompanied by seconds; and on the word "presem" being given, Mr. H. requested Mr. B. to "stop." Mr. B. accordingly dropped the point of his pistol, and Mr. H. then said, "now, make ready." This was done, and the ball from Mr. B.'s pistol shot Mr. H. through the body, and he died almost immediately. Mr. H.'s pistol did not go off, in consequence, it is supposed, of the flint being too long. A Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of *Wilful Murder* against some person or persons unknown.

THE LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

Downing-street, Sept. 27, 1814.

Captain Smith, Assistant-Adjutant-General to the troops under the command of Major General Ross, arrived this morning with a dispatch from that Officer, addressed to Earl Bathurst, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, of which the following is a copy:—

Tonnant, in the Patuxent, August 30, 1814.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to communicate to your Lordship, that on the night of the 24th instant, after defeating the army of the United States on that day, the troops under my command entered and took possession of the city of Washington.

It was determined between Sir A. Cochrane and myself, to disembark the army at the village of Benedict, on the right bank of the Patuxent, with the intention of co-operating with Rear-Admiral Cockburn, in an attack upon a flotilla of the enemy's gun-boats, under the command of Commodore Barney. On the 20th instant, the army commenced its march, having landed the previous day without opposition: on the 21st it reached Nottingham, and on the 22d moved on to Upper Marlborough, a few miles distant from Pig Point, on the Patuxent, where Admiral Cockburn fell in with and defeated the flotilla, taking and destroying the whole. Having advanced to within sixteen miles of Washington, and ascertaining the force of the enemy to be such as might authorise an attempt at carrying his capital, I determined to make it, and accordingly put the troops in movement on the evening of the 23d. A corps of about 1200 men appeared to oppose us, but retired after firing a few shots. On the 24th, the troops resumed their march, and reached Bladensberg, a village situated on the left bank of the eastern branch of the Potowmac, about five miles from Washington.

On the opposite side of that river the enemy was discovered strongly posted on very commanding heights, formed in two lines, his advance occupying a fortified house, which, with artillery, covered the bridge over the eastern branch, across which the British troops had to pass. A broad and strait road, leading from the bridge to Washington, ran through the enemy's position, which was carefully defended by artillery and riflemen.

The disposition for the attack being made, it was commenced with so much impetuosity by the light brigade, consisting of the 85th light infantry and the light infantry companies of the army, under the command of Colonel Thornton, that the fortified house was shortly carried, the enemy retiring to the higher grounds.

In support of the light brigade I ordered up a brigade under the command of Colonel Brooke, who, with the 44th regiment, attacked the enemy's left, the 4th regiment pressing his right with such effect as to cause him to abandon his guns. His first line giving way, was driven on the second, which, yielding to the irresistible attack of the bayonet, and the well directed discharge of rockets, got into confusion and fled, leaving the British masters of the field. The rapid flight of the enemy, and his knowledge of the country, precluded the possibility of many prisoners being taken, more particularly as the troops had during the day undergone considerable fatigue.

The enemy's army, amounting to 8 or 9000 men, with 3 or 400 cavalry, was under the command of General Winder, being formed of troops drawn from Baltimore and Pensylvania. His artillery, ten pieces of which fell into our hands, was commanded by Commodore Barney, who was wounded and taken prisoner. The artillery I directed to be destroyed.

Having halted the army for a short time, I determined to march upon Washington, and reached that city at eight o'clock that night. Judging it of consequence to complete the destruction of the public buildings with the least possible delay, so that the army might retire without loss of time, the following buildings were set fire to and consumed—the Capitol, including the Senate-house and the House of Representation, the arsenal, the dock-yard, treasury, war-office, President's palace, rope-walk, and the great bridge across the Potowmac: in the dock-yard a frigate nearly ready to be launched, and a sloop of war, were consumed. The two bridges leading to Washington over the eastern branch had been destroyed by the enemy, who apprehended an attack from that quarter. The object of the expedition being accomplished, I determined, before any greater force of the enemy could be assembled, to withdraw the troops, and accordingly commenced retiring on the night of the 25th. On the evening of the 29th we reached Benedict, and re-embarked the following day. In the performance of the operation I have detailed, it is with the utmost satisfaction I observe to your Lordship, that cheerfulness in undergoing fatigue, and anxiety for the accomplishment of the object, were conspicuous in all ranks.

To Sir Alexander Cochrane my thanks are due, for his ready compliance with every wish connected with the welfare of the troops and the success of the expedition.

To Rear-Admiral Cockburn, who suggested the attack upon Washington, and who accompanied the army, I confess the greatest obligation for his cordial co-opetation and advice.

Colonel Thornton, who led the attack, is entitled to every praise for the noble example he set, which was so well followed by Lieut.-Colonel Wood and the 85th Light Infantry, and by Major Jones, of the 4th Foot, with the light companies attached to the light brigade. I have to express my approbation of the

spirited conduct of Colonel Brooke, and of his brigade, the 44th regiment, which he led, distinguished itself, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Mullens; the gallantry of the Foot, under the comand of Major Faunce, being equally conspicuous.

The exertions of Captain Mitchell, of the royal artillery, in bringing the guns into action, were unremitting; to him, and to the detachment under his command, including Capt. Deacon's rocket brigade, and the marine rocket corps, I feel every obligation. Capt. Lempriere, of the royal artillery, mounted a small detachment of the artillery drivers, which proved of great utility.

The assistance afforded by Captain Blanchard, of the royal engineers, in the duties of his department, was of great advantage. To the zealous exertions of Captains Wainwright, Palmer, and Money, of the Royal Navy, and to those of the officers and seamen who landed with them, the service is highly indebted; the latter, Captain Money, had charge of the seamen attached to the marine artillery. To Captain M'Dougall, of the 85th foot, who acted as my Aide-de-Camp, in consequence of the indisposition of my Aide-de-Camp, Captain Falls, and to the officers of my staff, I feel much indebted.

I must beg leave to call your Lordship's attention to the zeal and indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant Evans, Acting Deputy-Quarter-Master-General. The intelligence displayed by that officer in circumstances of considerable difficulty, induces me to hope he will meet with some distinguished mark of approbation. I have reason to be satisfied with the arrangements of Assistant-Commissary-General Lawrence.

An attack upon an enemy so strongly posted could not be effected without loss. I have to lament that the wounds received by Colonel Thornton, and the other officers and soldiers left at Bladensburg, were such as prevented their removal. As many of the wounded as could be brought off were removed, the others being left with medical care and attendants. The arrangements made by Staff Surgeon Baxter for their accommodation have been as satisfactory as circumstances would admit of. The agent for British prisoners of war very fortunately residing at Bladensburg, I have recommended the wounded officers and men to his particular attention, and trust to his being able to effect their exchange when sufficiently recovered.

Captain Smith, Assistant Adjutant-General to the troops, who will have the honour to deliver this dispatch, I beg leave to recommend to your Lordship's protection, as an officer of much merit and great promise, and capable of affording any further information that may be requisite.

Sanguine in hoping for the approbation of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and of his Majesty's Government, as to the conduct of the troops under my command, I have, &c.

(Signed) Ron. Ross, Major General.

I beg leave to inclose herewith a return of the killed, wounded, and missing in the action of the 24th instant, together with a statement of the ordnance, ammunition, and ordnance stores, taken from the enemy between the 19th and 25th August, and likewise sketches of the scene of action and of the line of march.

Return of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing.

Total—1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 5 serjeants, 56 rank and file, 10 horses, killed; 2 lieutenant-colonels, 1 major, 1 captain, 14 lieutenants, 2 ensigns, 10 serjeants, 155 rank and file, 8 horses, wounded.

Officers killed and wounded.

Killed—85th Light Infantry, Captain D. S. Hamilton, Lieut. G. P. R. Cudd.—4th or King's Own, Lieutenant Thomas Woodward.

Wounded.—85th Light Infantry, Colonel William Thornton, severely (left at Bladensburg); Lieutenant-Colonel William Wood, severely (left at Bladensburg); Major George Brown, severely (left at Bladensburg).—21st Fusileers, Captain Robert Rennie, severely (not dangerously)—4th Regiment, Lieut. E. P. Hopkins, severely; Lieut. J. K. Mackenzie, slightly; Lieut. John Stavely, severely (left at Bladensburg); Lieut. Peter Boulby, Lieut. Frederick Field, slightly.—21st Fusileers, Lieutenant James Grace, slightly.—85th Regiment, Lieut. William Williams, Lieut. John Burrell, severely; Lieut. F. Maunsell, slightly; Lieut. G. F. G. O'Connor, Lieut. Frederick Gascoyne, severely; Lieut. William Hickson, Lieut. G. R. Gleig, slightly; Lieutenant —— Crouchly, severely.—4th Regiment, Ensign James Buchanan, severely (left at Bladensburg); Ensign William Reddock, severely.

Return of Ordnance, Ammunition, and Ordnance Stores, taken from the Enemy between the 19th and 25th August, 1814.

Total amount of cannon taken, 206—500 barrels of powder—100,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge—40 barrels of fine grained powder—a large quantity of ammunition of different natures made up.

The navy-yard and arsenal having being set on fire by the enemy before they retired, an immense quantity of stores of every description was destroyed, of which no account could be taken; seven or eight very heavy explosions during the night denoted that there had been large magazines of powder.

N. B. The remains of near 20,000 stand of arms were discovered, which had been destroyed by the enemy.

[Then follow letters from Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane and Rear-Admiral Cockburn, detailing the particulars of the naval operations connected with the above affairs. The loss sustained was small, though the service was arduous and fatiguing.—Capt. Sir Peter Parker, of the Menelaus, however, was mortally wounded, in the conflict on shore. He received his wound in the muscle, which vulgarly is called the *Pope's eye*, in the inside of the right thigh, and which is said to be always mortal. He felt the stroke, but with the most heroic spirit he placed his hand on the wound, and cheered his men, calling on them to follow him. He ran forward a few steps, but in two minutes fell and shortly expired.]

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

S. Barnard, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, from Oct. 4 to Nov. 1.

W. Kemp, Bath, banker, from Sept. 24 to Nov. 12.

J. Atkinson, Crutched-friars, merchant, from Oct. 11 to 29.

BANKRUPTS.

W. Tinker, jun. South Crescent, Bedford-square, merchant, Attornies, Messrs. Hall and Wigley, Salters'-hall.

M. and J. Barlow, Bartholomew-close, stone-masons. Attorney, Mr. Walson, Clifford's-Inn.

S. Richards, Manchester, innkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Ellis, Chancery-lane.

F. Brown, Croydon, grocer. Attornies, Messrs. Chapman and Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle.

J. Derham, Lancaster, sailcloth-manufacturer. Attornies, Messrs. Caton and Luptow, Gracechurch-street.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

This Gazette contains an account of the bombardment of the American town of Stonington, by the Ramillies, Pactolus, and Terror bomb. The town of Stonington had been conspicuous in preparing and harbouring torpedoes, and giving assistance to the enemy's attempts at the destruction of his Majesty's ships off New London.

It also gives a series of statements respecting the ineffectual endeavour of Capt. Barrie, with a small squadron, to bring into action the flotilla fitted out at Baltimore, under Commodore Barney. The flotilla escaped from the Chesapeake into the Patuxent river, and afterwards into St. Leonard's Creek, where it was so galled by rockets and carronades, as to quit its position and chase the boats, but after a slight skirmish with the smaller vessels, it returned precipitately to its original position. Commodore Barney

took an opportunity afterwards to move out of St. Leonard's Creek, and to run higher up the Patuxent. It also states various landings on the Patuxent, Potowmack, and other rivers in Virginia, Maryland, &c. by the British, and their bringing off valuable stores of flour, tobacco, &c. The militia constantly avoiding to come into action, and the various places attacked being for the greater part left altogether defenceless.

BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

J. Gray, Holloway, Middlesex, merchant, from Sept. 24, to Nov. 12.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Brenchley, Lincoln's Inn-fields, distiller. Attornies, Messrs. Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand.

A. Bishop, Maidstone, Kent, distiller. Attornies, Messrs. Burr and Hoar, Maidstone.

T. Jones, Abergavenny, Monmouth, tanner. Attornies, Messrs. Prothero, M'Donnell, and Prothero, Usk, Monmouthshire.

J. Turner, Churchstanton, Devon, flax-dealer. Attorney, Mr. Poole, Wellington, Somerset.

J. Foster, New Malton, York, innkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Rider, New Malton.

R. Lovell, Bedford, cordwainer. Attorney, Mr. Budd, Bedford.

G. Woods, Wokeing Mill, Surrey, mealman. Attorney, Mr. Palmer, Bedford-row.

A. Warrand, Castle-court, Budge-row, broker. Attorney, Mr. Fowell, Cornhill.

A. and E. Sheppard, Bristol, hosiers. Attorney, Mr. Carey, Broad-street, Bristol.

J. Jeater, London, dealer. Attornies, Messrs. Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand.

D. Gratt, Cushion-court, Old Broad-street, wine-merchant. Attorney, Mr. Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

B. Willmore, Deptford, carpenter. Attorney, Mr. Parker, Greenwich.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Cons. .... 65 5/8 1/4 1/8 | Omnium..... 1 1/4 2 1/8 dis.

THE EXAMINER.

London, October 2.

A variety of interesting matter presses upon us this week for observation, but for the reasons assigned in our first article we must content ourselves chiefly with an extract, which may well deserve to stand in the place of comment. The subject of St. Domingo, and all the great interests connected with it, we promise in particular to take up as soon as possible. Those of Norway and Poland, which we have lately considered it our duty to render the most prominent on account of their urgent nature, will of necessity be determined before long, unless indeed a second edition of the Spanish Campaign is to appear in the former country against the pretensions of the mock Bonaparte. The extract we shall give is on this subject, and will excite equal sympathy with the sufferings of Prince Christian, and indignation against his advisers,—persons most probably of a mongrel breed, half Danish, half Norwegian, who not feeling native spirit enough in them to give them confidence in a good cause, chose to ingratiate themselves as much as they could with the invader. Such, at least, is the evident belief of the patriots. The document appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday, and consists of a letter from Mr. Schwanz, an Officer of the Staff of Prince Christian. The spirit of it does great honour to the writer:—

"*Krom, in the Parish of Veilbye, Aug.* 29.

"Were I to give you, my friend, the slightest detail of all the events which have taken place, I must write a volume, and I have no time here at head-quarters. Accept these lines merely as the overflowing of my heart. The Swedes attacked the Hualoe islands and occupied them; our flotilla had orders to do nothing in their defence. The King moved his head-quarters to Moss. The Swedes advanced by Borbye, penetrated by the valley of Tiste, and marched on Fredericshall. Staffeldt, the traitor, did not even assemble his brigade to defend himself, but withdrew and delivered up to the enemy, the Swinesund, and all the country to Frederickstadt. The King (Christian) quitted Moss, passed the Glommen, assembled together the brigades of Staffeld, Hegermann, and Stabell, near Raixested, or rather near Bodal, and was determined to come to a decisive battle with the enemy. Staffeldt, who commanded the vanguard, reported that the enemy only made demonstrations on that bank of the Glommen, but that it was his intention to force the bridge of Kjolberg, and take Christiania, before the King's army could return, and save the Capital. The King, believing him, ordered a general retreat on the Glommen; but he saw himself pursued by the principal force of the enemy, who occupied all the eastern bank of the Glommen, to Onslasund, where a bloody battle was fought, as the Swedes attacked our entrenchments. After a redoubled attack, the enemy was forced to yield to our courageous resistance. This cannonade of five hours cost the Swedes nearly 1000 men in killed and wounded. We lost two officers and twelve soldiers. The King was present, and was received by all with reiterated acclamations. After gaining this decisive battle the fault was committed of quitting the entrenchments, passing the Glommen, destroying all the pontoons which connected us with the eastern bank. And why? I have been told, for fear lest the enemy should at length force our tete de pont, and pass the bridge at the same time with our battalions. All this exceeds my comprehension.—But the King and the whole army were already sold by the damned band formed by Count Wedel.—Krageroe, the key of Fredericstadt, with 1200 men, capitulated without a man being lost. The fortress of Fredericstadt, the point d'appui of our right wing, also capitulated without losing a single man. Lieutenant Colonel Stabel, who commanded the corps left on the eastern bank of the Glommen, retired without attacking the enemy, to the fort of Blakjae, till he passed the Glommen himself, and left the eastern bank without defence. These news quite dispirited the King, already fatigued by an assiduous labour by day and by night for two months. His nerves suffered greatly, and he was quite overpowered. The head quarters were withdrawn to Moss, where the Swedes, who in different affairs had lost 5000 men, demanded the armistice and possession of Fredericstein, with the calling of a new Diet, and the disbanding our best soldiers. The King was not there—he was like a man who had lost the use of his reason—he saw that he had been betrayed—that all was lost in our campaign. The Council of State, in which General Haxthausen was the only military man, accepted the Convention, and the war was thus at an end. The King retired to the Island of Ladeguard. His fate is a cruel one—he seems as if deprived of life by the intensity of his mental sufferings. It is believed by

many that poison was administered to him, but this is disbelieved by the physicians. The people wished to massacre all the Commissary-Generals who gave the King false information respecting the provisioning, and who neglected to do their duty. Haxthausen too was in the pay of Count Wedel. His house was attacked, his windows broken, and it was intended to enter and assassinate him, when several people called out that he was at his country house. The people went there. There was a great company in his house, when all of a sudden the cries of the populace were heard, and the windows were driven in. The fear of the company was general; but Berg, Councillor of the Chancery, and Sommerhjelm, Councillor of State, who were there, went out to the people, and assured them that Haxthausen should be deprived of all his offices, and become responsible for his conduct. These promises were accepted of, and the people departed after destroying his gardens. Some Swedish Commissaries, a General Biorustjerna, a Baron Wrede, and a Lieut.-Colonel Werdenhjelm, arrived in the city; the people determined to massacre them, and went in a body to their lodgings. I perceived the danger likely to follow from a violation of these diplomatic characters, and I was fortunate enough to reach the house, where I contrived to get the Swedes disguised, and I conducted them to my apartments. The whole town is in uproar, with soldiers and horse patroles whepever a Swede arrives. The hatred borne to them is inexpressible. Haxthausen has fled, and several persons are to be impeached at the ensuing Diet. For three weeks past I never saw the King till last Thursday, when I called upon him to tranquillize him; but where can this poor King expect repose but in his grave? General Ahrenfeld, who distinguished himself, is again appointed Commander in Chief. By his orders I am placed on the Staff, and I am at present here with an ardent desire to have it again in my power to exterminate the Swedes. But I am no longer what I was—I have suffered too much from the fate of Norway and my King. I foresaw the treachery, and I counselled efficacious measures, but I was not believed. Would it be believed, that whole battalions have laid down their arms and gone over to the Swedes? Would it be believed, when on the 25th of February the Norwegian swore to give his blood and his life for the independence of Norway? I no longer know what to think, not even whether there is a great and noble being who delights in good and detests evil. But many a brave Norwegian has fought violently. Give all those who take an interest in the fate of my King and Norway, an idea of all that has taken place here."

It is scarcely necessary to repeat in our present number, that the affairs of Poland continue to look well. It is true, the very best that could be done for that country, is not to be done; it's Monarch, to all appearance, is to be Russian; but then the natives will find their country put to pieces again, and themselves once more gathered together as a nation who are to enjoy a name and property; and this, if not first best, is second best. The Poles themselves, who are certainly the best judges in this matter, and who have never shewn an inclination to be trifled with, do not hesitate to look upon it in this light, and even to express gratitude to the Emperor ALEXANDER; and as to the Russian connexion,—which, observe, is not a territorial connexion, but a mere family one,—the features of it must necessarily vanish before long, as was the case with the French succession in Spain. There appears to be so little promise of a truckling spirit to Russia, and the Russians themselves, to their honour, exhibit so little inclination to interfere in opposing the national feeling on the part of their new friends, that the Poles give a loose to all their most Polish recollections. According to a Hamburgh account of yesterday, the Ladies at Warsaw wear medallions in honour of the late gallant Prince PONIATOWSKI, who was slain in arms against the Allies.

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Our readers will find in the Gazette, our Government account of the defeat of the Americans near Washington, the capture of that city, and the destruction of its public buildings. Unofficial accounts from America state, that the Republican troops were much inferior to the veteran troops which opposed them, the whole force under Gen. WINDER being estimated at about 5,000, while that of the British amounted to 6,000. They state that the troops were judiciously placed between Bladensburgh and the capital, that the enemy suffered severely from the galling fire of the Baltimore artillery, which retreated in good order as they nearly approached; that the Baltimore volunteer infantry, about 500, also maintained their ground with great gallantry until they were nearly surrounded with superior numbers, but that the militia under General STANSBURY evinced a very different conduct, and that the troops under Commodore BARNEY, about 600, fought with the guns with which they lately manned the flotilla, with unsurpassed bravery. Their contest was near the city of Washington.—Much uneasiness existed at Baltimore, where temporary fortifications were erecting.—The deplorable result of the brave attack by our troops on Fort Erie is also officially given. This event, together with the dearly bought victory at Chippawa, is we think evidence of that improving knowledge of military war, which will at least render the contest long and sanguinary with—not our fellow men merely, but our kinsmen.

The Government of the United States have been most culpably remiss, in not having been better prepared to resist such a successful attack as been made on their Capital.

Stocks rose yesterday morning. Omnium at 1 o'clock was 1⅛ discount, Consols 65⅝. It was reported on 'Change that Preliminaries of Peace had been signed with America.

Paris Papers, received yesterday, state that the French Funds had fallen on Tuesday to 72¾, a depreciation of nearly five per cent. in eight days. On the 20th they were upwards of 77.

Dispatches were sent from the Secretary of State's Office on Friday, for Sir HENRY WELLESLEY, at Madrid.

On Friday letters were received from Gibraltar. There was no material alteration in the state of the fever, excepting, perhaps, that it had diminished in a small degree as to its malignant character.

The *Journal de Paris* of the 22d, contains an article dated from Augsburg, which, however short, consisting of a very few lines, is in importance a volume. It states, that "the *Universal Gazette* has made an appeal to the Emperor of Russia, in favour of the freedom of commerce and the rights of maritime nations. The Editor founds his argument upon this, that an universal maritime monarchy will be as odious and oppressive as the tyranny which lately enslaved the Continent, unless nations shall unite to establish an equilibrium on the sea as well as on the land."

The *Borsen Hallo* (Hamburgh paper) contains a letter from Paris, stating, that "Marshal Ney, on the 5th inst. had an audience of the King of France, for the purpose of requesting that Davoust should be withdrawn from retirement, and permitted to appear at Court. Ney is said to have stated, that it was the opinion of the Marshals and the army that Davoust had behaved like a *soldier* and *a man of honour* at Hamburgh. It was understood that the King, with whatever reluctance, would find himself under the necessity of complying."

No political article can be inserted in the French Papers, unless it is inspected by the Censor, who is the Editor in Chief, and who is appointed by Government, although paid by the Proprietors of the Journals. The *Moniteur* is entirely under the direction of the different Ministers, who can insert therein any thing they think proper. And very recently a new Journal was established in Paris, called *Le Journal General de France*, under the superintendance and direction of the Minister of the Interior, M. De Montesquiou. Thus then it is evident that every political article which appears in the Paris Papers, is inserted under the sanction of the Government; and if a Censor allowed any thing to pass which displeased the Government, he would not only lose his situation, but the Journal itself would be suppressed. It is one of the inconveniences to a Government that tyrannizes over the press, that every thing which is printed recurs upon itself. Nothing is more true, than that a free press is as advantageous to a Government as it is to a people.

The Board of Admiralty left town for Plymouth on Friday, to inspect the Dock-yard and Break-water at that place.

It is said to be the universal custom now in France to make the oats, which are ground, into a loaf, which they cut or break into small pieces, and throwing water upon it in a trough, the horse eats and digests it much more readily than when given to him in the natural state of oats.

The Commissioners of hackney coaches have at length issued an order to the hackney coachmen, announcing that agreeably to the new Act, it is their bounden duty to have and deliver tickets; that without giving such tickets they have no right to receive any fare: and that in the event of their being guilty of "abusive language or any other rude behaviour" (9th Anne), they are punishable according to the old Statutes.

Monday Captain B——, of Binfield, Berks, was expected at Windsor, on a visit to his brother and sister; his not arriving caused an inquiry, when, shocking to relate, it was ascertained, that at seven o'clock on that morning he had put a period to his existence, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. He has left a wife and several children.

Mr. John Kemble, we hear, was performing last week at the English Theatre at Brussels.

Clerical Credulity.—A Clergyman, lately preaching a funeral Sermon on the occasion of the death of Ann Taylor, whose astounding posthumous vociferation has been already announced in the public papers, observed that "it was credibly attested," and that as death, being a common event, is generally viewed with so much unconcern, a fact so extraordinary might be designed for wise purposes to arrest the attention and impress the hearts of the careless!!!—[If such an outrageous absurdity as that above stated, did really occur, we should recommend the exquisite simpleton who uttered it, to retire with his superstition into the congenial regions of the Hebrides, instead of exposing his weakness in a situation where, from the good sense that prevails, he can only be heard to be laughed at.]—*Taunton Courier.*

Murder.—George Dixon, the man who was dreadfully beaten with a poker, about five weeks since, while in company with an abandoned woman, in Vine-street, St. Martin's, by Cornelius Crawley, died, a few days ago, of his wounds. The Coroner's Inquest, which sat upon the body, returned a verdict of *Wilful Murder* against Crawley, and issued a warrant for his apprehension.—Warson and Waller, two constables belonging to St. Martin's, on Thursday night, in consequence of information received by them, proceeded to a house in Parker-street, Drury-lane, to search for the murderer; but after gaining admittance, with great difficulty, they searched in vain. As they were leaving the street, they were attacked by four men, and in the affray Waller was severely wounded in the leg, by a sword or stick dirk. The villains then succeeded in escaping.

The Lord Mayor, after inspecting the Returns, ordered the price of Bread to remain the same as last week.

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

AN INSTANCE OF HER MAJESTY'S BOUNTY.

Mr. Examiner,—I request you will insert the following paragraph, as it will prove that her Majesty was *once* charitable, but doubtless her heart has become steeled by the ingratitude of the press, in not bringing forward this instance of her charity, whenever it was doubted:—

"*Public Advertiser, Tuesday, Sept.* 27, 1791.

"The Queen and Princesses rode as far as Nottington, three miles from Weymouth, where Mr. Steward, the Mayor of Weymouth, has a house and farm,—at which they stopped a short time, and went to view the Medical Spring, where her Majesty met with a poor woman, who had a large family, to whom she gave *Five Guineas.*"

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A Reader of Old Newspapers.

FINE ARTS.

PICTURESQUE DELINEATION OF THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND, ENGRAVED BY W. B. AND G. COOKE.

The work before us is of that high order, that makes us envy the advantage which our brother critics of literary works have over us, in being enabled to exemplify their

opinions by verbal extracts. It is the reverse of whatever is merely mechanical or common-place. It not only recalls to our memories the beautiful and sublime scenery of our coast, but makes our imaginations breathe the marine air, and see the express elementary features of each individual object. This is the great test of excellence in Engraving, as in all the Fine Arts. We are not, as in many pleasing Engravings, given merely an agreeable and clear display of lines, with such a portraiture of the scene as is general, or that even bears a strong resemblance, but we have the "form and pressure," the particular character—the rough gravel of one beach—the smooth or watery surface of another—the serpentine and streaky grain of Lulworth Cove—the even grain of the White Cliff—the sparkling feathery foam and lengthened swell of the wind-impelled wave—its placid flatness in a calm—the darkly descending slant of rain—the delicate sun illumined cloud:—in fine, the impressive feelings of beauty or terror, conveyed in the admirably delineated pictures of Turner, Owen, Dewint, Westall, Havell, Arnald, Eddridge, Alexander, Nicholson, and Clennell, are communicated with a force and precision, which could arise only from persevering assiduity and exact ideas of the various surfaces, forms, and mind-moving effects of visible Nature. This outline of the merits of these *Picturesque Delineations*, our limited room will not permit us to fill up with minuter markings. We shall only touch on two particulars,—the exquisite ærial tintings throughout, and the judicious and, if I may be allowed the expression, perspective degree of strength in the lines, becoming in general more delicate as they recede to the horizon, while the boldest ones in the fore-grounds are exempt from coarseness, but are proportionably strong, delicate, or rugged, as the character of the respective objects demands.

But while we think that the Messrs. Cooke have here given us Engravings of local scenery, which, for small Plates, we think may almost rank with the best that have been at any time executed, for in scarcely any have we seen such invariable attention to character throughout, yet our admiration of their beauties does not delude us, like an overweening lover, into a blindness to some occasional defects. For instance, the cluster of trees, in the middle-ground of *Undercliff*, are rather spotty, and what Engravers denominate *rotten*. They are wanting in that degree of neatness, which appears in foliage at that distance, and which shines so pre-eminently in Mr. Middiman's and Mr. Mitton's Prints. The whole of the fore ground of *Undercliff* is, we think, rigid and indifferently made out.—Characteristic as the water is in every other repect, we think that the shadows have not the clearness so admired in Woollett. But Woollett, however unequalled he hitherto is in large plates *, has not in our opinion reached that large portion of character, in the various objects of Landscape, which distinguish the *Picturesque Delineations*. Indeed, the discriminating and descriptive powers of a Landseer, who so eminently elucidates his critical theory by his professional execution, are requisite to do justice to an account of performances, which place the names of the Messrs. Cooke among the very best Engravers of works on a middle-sized scale.

* Perhaps Mr. J. Scott, in his Print from Gainsborough's *Cottagers*, and in his admired *Hunting Pieces*, has proved himself equal to Woollett in this respect.

MR. WEST'S GRAND PICTURE, AND THE ENGRAVINGS FROM IT BY MR. SCRIVEN.

The sum of 10,000*l.* proffered to Mr. West for his picture of *Christ Rejected*, appeared from its unprecedented magnitude to be a visionary speculation. The flood however of popular admiration, which, notwithstanding it has been so long before the public, continues daily to pour on this performance, proves that its value was not too highly, nor indeed sufficiently estimated. The value of so rare and lofty a talent, matured by a long life of unremitting assiduity, and cherished by temperance and the domestic virtues, is certainly not to be estimated by the common standard of money, at any rate by that amount of it which we find conferred annually on unreturning and nominal possessors of public offices, such for instance, as the Post-Master General, each with 10,000*l.* annually.

From portions of this so deservedly admired a Picture, we some time since mentioned that a set of Engravings had been executed by Mr. Scriven, with unerring fidelity, so much so, that together with the beauties of their archetypes, the correctness of the drawing, the intensity of the expression, &c. he had not omitted to render that hardness of their outlines, which as faithful critics it is our duty to mention in conjunction with those excellencies, which have produced the following letter from the Chief Librarian of the Royal Library at Paris:—

"Sir,—I have deposited the fine Engravings you sent me, for you and in your behalf, in the Cabinet of Prints, in the King's Library. I lose no time in communicating to you the thanks of my coadjutors. We have admired the beautiful character of the heads and the purity of your graver. As an impassioned amateur of Engravings, I received the most sensible pleasure in examining this beautiful work. I would recommend your sending some copies to the trade; I make no doubt they would find a ready sale. I am flattered with this opportunity of commencing a correspondence with you, and should be much pleased with an opportunity of shewing you the fine Miniatures and different Prints in the King's Library. Believe me, I shall receive with the greatest satisfaction, those you may be pleased to introduce to me, and that I shall be truly happy to convince you of the high estimation in which I hold your rare talents, and with which

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your sincere and humble servant,

(Signed) "T. Langlès."

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Gentlemen,—Those who are in the secret cannot really help smiling at the grave announcement which you repeatedly put forth from the Royal Academy, informing the poor students that "*the Library* will be opened on Monday next," &c. &c. The Library! Truly, Gentlemen, this is a sad joke, which I cannot suffer to pass; for you well know that this said library consists merely of some dozens of books on Art, got together in the course of many years, and forming altogether so meagre and inefficient a collection, that it is infinitely surpassed by that of many a private person:—Mr. Soane's, for instance (which, by the way, he so liberally allows the use of) would make two or three of it. This, it must be admitted, for a rich and Royal National Academy, is quite bad

enough: but worse remains to be told. Such is the system adopted by your High Mightinesses, that it is as difficult for a student to *study* the contents of this your bookcase, as it is for him to get a decent place for his picture, should he be able to paint a good one under such privations. It is indeed hardly to be credited, but the fact, as you well know is, that this *Library* is only to be seen *four* hours in the day, *one* day in the week, for about eight months in the year. Thus the whole time which the students could possibly spend in your *Library*, supposing that they devoted every single hour allowed by your Academic laws, would amount to little more than *ten days in the year!* About a month's reading in three years! And yet you complain of want of talent in the young men, and withhold from them the promised prize!

Now, Gentlemen, as you have got plenty of money in the Funds—as you have of late taken such especial care of yourselves, by increasing your official fees—as you have added to your hackney-coach allowances, your visiting payments, and your annual stipends—as you have, in short, provided for all your lame, your halt, and your blind—(turning, according to some, your Royal Academy into a Royal Hospital)—as you have done all this, pray take the melancholy condition of your *Library* into consideration, and spare a few pounds for the good of Art. But it would be quite in vain to buy books, unless you allow the Students time to read them. Your Librarian's place is now a sinecure, though indeed a miserable one enough. Make it worth his while to attend, multiply your books, and open the doors daily to the Students. It is true, you might not like to employ any person but one of your own body as librarian; for who but an R. A. is worthy to partake of the accumulating hoard? Be it so: there are *some few* among you, whom it would really infinitely benefit to quit the brush. One Mr. FAIRINGTON, for instance, should have my vote (that is, if you would let me vote) for the place, as being every way qualified to look after the books and clear away the cobwebs—a little more reading, too, I am sure, would do him no harm—and verily he *ought* to thank me for the hint, for it must surely be better for him to be a good keeper of books than a bad painter of landscapes.

But, Gentlemen, as you have several among you of equal merit, I leave this matter entirely to yourselves; only, for Heaven's sake, for Arts' sake, for Decency's sake, don't advertise your *Library* again till you have got one: and so, Gentlemen, with all proper respect, I remain one of your best friends, A VISITOR.

P. S. I have something, Gentlemen, to say to you about your *Collection* of Prints! but I reserve this for another opportunity. In the meanwhile, God grant you grace!

At a Meeting of the Mayor and Commonalty of Plymouth, on the 26th of September, the Freedom of the Town was unanimously voted to Mr. HAYDON, as a testimony of their respect for his talents, and particularly for the power displayed in his recent Picture of *The Judgment of Solomon*. "So should desert in *Arts* be crown'd."—This testimony of regard for the Fine Arts bears some analogy in its civic nature to the regard shewn to their Professors by the ancient Greeks, who often broke down their city walls to admit the distinguished Artist.

IMPROPER VERDICTS.

MR. EXAMINER,—It is much to be lamented that so many persons escape with impunity, who have caused the death of others by brutal cruelty. If a person is found dead on a desart Island, it is fair to conclude that famine was the cause, rather than accidental decease; so if any one dies soon after having been violently beaten or otherwise ill treated, it is fair to attribute his death to any such causes, rather than to a natural one. Death may be occasioned without, on inspection, the immediate cause being exactly ascertained. A late acquittal of a Commander, who, by the most wanton, premeditated cruelty, manifestly caused the death of a sailor-boy, appears to me a most extraordinary transaction. A robber, who commits murder on the impulse of the moment to prevent detection, is excusable, I think, in comparison with one, who takes a savage delight in tormenting a poor helpless human being, entrusted to his care, for the sole purpose (it should seem) of ascertaining how long excruciating sufferings can be endured before life is extinguished. The pretence for exercising such cruelty is an insult to common sense:—a boy's being negligent or dirty is surely no capital offence.—Too many instances of cruelty in the Navy have of late years come before the public—(the details of which are shocking to humanity)—a melancholy proof how liable absolute power is to harden the heart!—Courts of Justice are very lenient in such cases, when opposed to long *services*, *courage*, &c. which certainly ought to have no weight in mitigation of punishment, when such atrocities have been fully proved. The surgeon also, who witnesses such conduct, ought not to escape with impunity. Testimonies of good character too have frequently far too much weight in Courts of Justice. A West Indian Jury, some time ago, recommended a wretch to mercy, who had murdered several Negroes by unheard of tortures, because he had formerly done some charitable actions! A man, who had barbarously beaten his own daughter till she expired, was acquitted lately, in consequence of his having gone for a surgeon when he saw her lifeless! So any one, it seems, may cut another's throat with impunity, provided he pretends to go for medical aid!—It is a notorious fact, that the strictest discipline can be preserved on board of ships without exercising any cruelty whatever; and it is to be hoped that the example of some humane Commanders will be more generally followed.

NEW TREATMENT OF LUNATICS.

STRANGE things are spoken of the new practice of Messrs. Lucett and Delahoyd, at their Lunatic Establishment near Brentford. Of Mr. Delahoyd, the writer of this notice knows nothing; he may be a regular or an irregular practitioner; but of the other person, Lucett, the founder of the practice, and lately a clerk in the Bank, it may be useful to state thus publicly, that some time ago he had the folly and the hardihood to declare to the writer, that he had just completely cured a gentleman, Mr. Morgan, at Somers-town; though at that very moment the unhappy man was as deranged as ever, and continued so till his death! He had certainly been under this clerk's hands, and then escaped with life from his hot and cold-water inflictions. The new practice, it seems, is first to

pour almost boiling water on the heads of the afflicted, and then to drench them with cold; thus passing from one extreme to the other. This is neither more nor less than *torture*: and as it has often failed (has it ever succeeded?) it is high time that due explanation be afforded.—Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, describes the Damned as being compelled to

"——————— feel by turns the bitter change
"Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;"—

they are dragged by *harpies*

"From beds of raging fire to starve in ice:"—

No one will charge Mr. Lucett with knowing much of Milton; yet his system, it should seem, partakes not a little of the infernal. This new practice, too, it is understood, is kept as secret as possible; and no wonder; for unless it were tolerably certain that a cure would be performed by it, few persons would be willing to let their unfortunate relatives or friends undergo the terrible inflictions.—The treatment of Mr. Morgan occurred between three and four years ago; and it certainly is not absolutely impossible, that since then Mr. Lucett may have altogether reformed his habits;—he was *then*, however, a quack and a falsifier;—aye, a very impudent pretender, and a very valiant teller of untruths.—These are hard but necessary assertions: let Mr. Lucett stand forth and disprove them.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

The City of Washington stands in the territory of Columbia, and is situated at the junction of the rivers Potowmac and the Eastern Branch, extending about four miles each; a spot scarcely to be exceeded in point of salubrity and beauty by any in the world. The plan of the city combines every thing grand and beautiful; for although the land in general appears level, yet by gentle and gradual swellings, a variety of elegant prospects is produced, and a sufficient descent formed for carrying off the rain. The city is divided into squares, or grand divisions, by streets running due north and south, and east and west. But from the Capitol, the President's house and some of the important areas of the city run in diagonal streets, from one principal point to another, which not only produce a variety of fine prospects, but obviate the insipid sameness which renders great cities in general unpleasing. The grand leading streets are all 160 feet wide, including a pavement of 10 feet, and a gravel walk of 30 feet, planted with trees on each side, which leave 80 feet of paved street for carriages. The rest of the streets are in general 110 feet wide; a few only being 90 feet. The squares or divisions of the city amount to 1130. The rectangular squares generally contain from three to five acres, and are divided into portions of from 40 to 80 feet in front, their depth being from about 110 to 300 feet, according to the size of the square. There is not a single house in the city, but what is built either of brick or stone; so that its appearance is the most beautiful that can be conceived.—The area for the Capitol, or Senate House, is on the most elevated eminence of the city, about a mile from the Eastern Branch, and not much more from the Potowmac, commanding a full view of the city, as well as the surrounding country. In a direction due west from the Capitol, and due south from the President's house, run two great pleasure parks, or malls, which intersect and terminate on the banks of the Potowmac, and are ornamented at the sides by a variety of elegant mansions. Fifteen of the best of the open areas, where the principal streets cross each other, are named after the different States composing the Union, and when finished, were to have statues or columns to the memory of their favourite or most eminent men. One of them has been already selected for a statute of James Madison. The equestrian statue of Washington was erected not long since in another. The eastern branch of the Potowmac is one of the safest and most commodious harbours in America, being sufficiently deep for the largest ships about four miles above its junction with the Potowmac; while the channel lies close along the edge of the city, and is abundantly capacious. The city being situated on the great post road, exactly equidistant from the northern and southern extremities of the Union, and nearly so from the Atlantic to the Ohio, was deemed the most eligible situation for the Congress; and the rapidity with which it has been built is owing to the excellent and inexhaustible quarries of free stone a few miles below it, on the banks of the Potowmac. Extensive coal mines have been ascertained to exist in its neighbourhood.

THE ARMY.

COPY OF THE CHARGES TO BE PREFERRED AGAINST LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN MURRAY, BART. &c.

1. For landing, or continuing on shore when landed, between the 7th and the 12th of June, near Tarragona, a large quantity of heavy artillery, ammunition, and stores, when he had good reason to believe that no real benefit would be derived for 10 or 12 days as to producing the fall of Tarragona by these means, and when he had received information, which he believed, that long before that time a superior force of the enemy would be near him, and was aware that the siege must then be abandoned; knowing at the same time the great difficulty and dangers attending a sudden re-embarkation on that coast;—such conduct being highly unmilitary and against the spirit of his instructions.

2d. For neglect of duty and disobedience of the express written orders of his Excellency Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, the Commander of his Majesty's Forces in the Peninsula, by not immediately re-embarking the whole of the forces under his command, after he had determined to raise, and had actually raised the siege of Tarragona, and returning to Valencia, in order to assist the Spanish armies in that province, in securing the positions which they might have acquired there.

3d. For neglect of duty, in hastily re-embarking the forces under his command without any previous preparations or arrangements, and thus precipitately abandoned a considerable quantity of artillery, stores, and ammunition, about 12th of June, 1813, near Tarragona, when he was so far from being compelled to this degrading measure, by the immediate approach of any superior force, or by any other sufficient cause, that by due zeal, firmness, and exertion, the greater part, if not the whole, might have been embarked in safety; Admiral Hallowell, who was at the time on duty at the station, engaging to effect the same:—Such conduct being highly to the prejudice of the service, and detrimental to the British military character.

(Signed) E. M. PAKENHAM, Adjt.-Gen.

F. SEYMOUR LARPENT, Esq. Deputy Judge Advocate.

POLITICAL DINNER.

On the 19th ult. the Anniversary Meeting of those Gentlemen, who are supporters of the principles of the late Mr. Fox, was held at the Queen's Head, in Newcastle. The Chair was taken by Earl Grey, supported by J. G. Lambton, Esq. M.P. and Dr. Fenwick, with Lieut.-Gen. Ker as Vice-President.—In the course of the evening several excellent speeches were made by Earl Grey, Dr. Fenwick, and others.—After other observations,

Earl GREY remarked, that "although a treaty of peace has been concluded, yet we must not forget, that the numerous interests of Europe, so entirely disturbed by the calamitous events through which we have passed, yet remain to be adjusted, and that every thing which can ensure a permanent repose to Europe is yet to be discussed at the approaching Congress. I own, Gentlemen, I cannot look forward to the result of that Congress without the greatest apprehension. When I view the sentiments of aggrandisement which now appear to actuate the several potentates, sentiments so different from the moderating

which they formerly professed; when I think of the state of Genoa, of the proposed partition of Saxony, of the fate of Norway, gratuitously sacrificed by Great Britain, that brave, that loyal and virtuous people, formed by nature to be our friends, and whose friendship it might naturally be supposed it would have been the policy of Britain to have cultivated, and not to have delivered over to slavery,—I have the greatest fears for the happy issue of the negociation. If the moderation which was professed at Frankfort, and acted upon at Paris, does not influence the several parties at that Congress; if the principle of *restoration*, as contradistinguished from, and opposed to, the detestable and iniquitous principle of *partition*, be not adhered to, Europe, I fear, will be plunged anew into scenes of warfare. From the exercise of this execrable system of partition, in the case of Poland, all the miseries which had of late years agonised Europe might be traced. If a renewal of the war should be the unhappy consequence, it cannot be disguised, that it will be under circumstances highly favourable to our late enemy. France, recruited by the return of so many of her prisoners of war, her government and finances relieved from the disord[illegible] in which they were involved, whilst the energies of England are divided by the unhappy contest with America, will be found placed in a most formidable position. From this evil, however, I hope, notwithstanding my fears, that Europe may be saved by the moderation of all parties.—Although the contest has been brought to a termination fortunate beyond all possible calculation; and although this country has, after sacrifices and exertions unparalleled in our history, seen its wishes accomplished in an honourable peace, yet we must not conclude that our duty is accomplished. New obligations call upon us; *for the Constitution of our country has not escaped from this arduous contest, without receiving numerous and severe wounds.* To the healing of these our best efforts should be directed; and it should be the particular duty of those *out* of Parliament to second, by every means in their power, the exertions of members as they thought were directed to this end. Let no one, however obscure, imagine himself exempted from this duty; it was the peculiar happy nature of our constitution, and was indeed an essential characteristic of freedom, that the conduct of the obscurest individuals had a sensible effect upon the government. Without this effect, his Lordship was sure that freedom could not long exist. He particularly wished to press the obligation of this duty upon the company, as *the abuses which had crept into the constitution called loudly for reform*, and this could not be attained without great exertions *on the part of the people*, since the influence of the Crown was so augmented by the increase of large establishments, and particularly of a large standing army, which must always be considered as highly unconstitutional, and dangerous to our liberties."—Earl Grey then alluded to that oppressive system, which deprives so large a portion of our fellow-subjects of their natural rights and privileges. The friends of Catholic Emancipation might always assure themselves of his assistance whenever the question should be brought forward. Of the abolition of the Slave Trade he had ever been a warm supporter; and it had been his good fortune to be partly instrumental in erasing so foul a blot from the fair fame of Britain. During the short time that he possessed a place in Administration, he found how ill grounded were all those pretences of the insurmountable difficulties which opposed the success of this measure; for, when sincerely brought forward, it was carried triumphantly through both Houses of Parliament almost without opposition—(*Applause.*) After having been relieved so long from the infamy of this foul blot, and after having hoped that the entire destruction of this execrable traffic had been nearly accomplished, it could not be without feelings of disgust and disappointment that the clause in the late treaty, covenanting for its continuance, or rather for its renewal, for five years longer, was read. The British public have done themselves immortal honour by the proper detestation which they have shewn of the stipulation of this unfortunate article, and he hoped their efforts will be attended with success, in the approaching Congress; as surely their honest and humane endeavours must excite all Europe to cry with one voice against this detestable and abhorred traffic.—His Lordship next glanced at the contest with America. Of the state of the negociations at Ghent he knew nothing. Should they terminate unfavourably, he hoped Ministers would be enabled to shew, that they had not broken off on account of any unwarrantable pretensions on their part, and that they had been entered into with a sincere desire of reconciliation.

GRAND POLITICAL HOAX.

The public attention has been of late so much occupied by those deceptive practices, to which the vulgar appellation of "Hoax" has been given, that some people seem almost disposed to imagine, that every great event which occurs is meant to produce effects widely different from those which *appear* to be the natural result. Thus a Correspondent, who is evidently a decided Anti Bonapartean, as well as an alarmist, has taken some trouble to convince us that the whole of the late proceedings in France, the retirement of Bonaparte to Elba, and the recal of the Bourbons, is nothing but *a grand Political Hoax!* which, if not counteracted by some powerful steps, will end in the confusion and misery of Europe. He very properly observes, that to be prepared to meet great dangers, it is necessary that they should be believed and understood; and as he has no particular mode of communicating with Ministers, he earnestly begs that *we* would convey to them the desired information; "for," as he rather mysteriously observes, "he has no doubt whatever, that every thing in our columns undergoes the searching and anxious eye of Government." So called upon, we cannot refuse to state as briefly as possible, the *arguments* of our Correspondent, which will doubtless have their due weight with those profound Statesmen, whom the Regent in his great wisdom has chosen to assist him in the government of these realms.

This, then, is the substance of our Correspondent's reasoning:—It is quite clear that Bonaparte, had he chosen it, might have accepted the terms offered him by the Allies, which would have left him in possession of the imperial throne of France, and even an enlarged territory. Why then did he deliberately refuse such a favourable, and to some, such an astonishing offer? Because he had an after game to play—a game, which, if successful, would place him again in that elevated situation, in which alone a man of his inordinate passions could feel himself satisfied. Had *he* concluded a peace with the Allies, what would have been the consequence? Why this: a sense of common danger would have compelled them to keep up such a large force, ready to repel any aggression on the part of the French Chief,—it would have dictated such a caution in all the minor arrangements on the frontiers, such stipulations respecting the fortresses, the marine, the return of prisoners, &c. &c. that some years must have elapsed before France could be in a state sufficiently powerful to resume an attitude of offence. And indeed it is pretty certain, that one of the stipulations with the French Emperor went to repay a large portion of the expense of the war, which would have kept France a long time in a deplorable state of poverty. All this loss and degradation and suspicion was to be avoided. But how? One only way remained, and that was, by the temporary abdication of the Emperor, and by the return of Louis, with whom, as he was quite a different sort of a man, the Allies would readily make a peace on terms both honourable and useful to France. This plan having been settled between Bonaparte, his chief Marshals, and the Prince of Benevento, it was immediately carried into effect—the Bourbons were recalled,

Bonaparte retired to Elba, an advantageous peace was concluded—France was evacuated—the French prisoners were released by thousands—and, in a word, a few months only are wanting to place France in a position unquestionably more powerful than any of her neighbours. *Then*, says our Correspondent, Bonaparte, backed by his Marshals, who equally possess the hearts of the French military, will appear again in the *imperial* Palace of the Thuilleries, and a Senatus Consultum will discharge the deluded Bourbons from all further burthen of State!

All this seems quite clear to our Correspondent, and will appear so, he imagines, to every reflecting politician, when the circumstances attending the late events are duly weighed.—Is it to be conceived, he asks, unless every thing had been previously settled between the parties, that Bonaparte would have refused honourable terms, and afterwards have given up his throne without a struggle? Is it likely that all his followers, men who owed to him their riches and their rank, would every one of them so readily have consented to forsake his fortunes, had they not been well aware that "it was all a hoax"? Impossible: but suppose the thing to have been planned, and see how well it has been managed. All the creatures of the Emperor are retained in power—his Senators, his Legislative Body, and above all, his Marshals, all ready to hail and protect the return of their creator. Then Bonaparte himself is placed in the immediate neighbourhood of France, surrounded with all necessary means for his sudden re-appearance, with money, with guards, with his *title* even retained, that the contemplation of his sovereign rights might never have been absent from the minds of Frenchmen.—These, and many minor points, says our Correspondent, all unite to utterly exclude the idea of the late events having been produced by any other than a deep and artful arrangement between Bonaparte and his Chiefs. "When, therefore, (he adds in conclusion) the arrangements of the peace are finally settled—when the armies of Russia and Prussia and Austria are marched home and disbanded—when England has dismantled her fleets, reduced her armies, or found employment for them across the Atlantic—when the French prisoners, naval and military, are all sent home and ready for action—than shall I be in expectation (unless proper means be taken to prevent the catastrophe) of being suddenly aroused by the news-boy's horn, proclaiming "great and extraordinary news from France," announcing the Imperial Restoration, and appalling us all with the prospect of its withering consequences."

ON MR. WORDSWORTH'S "EXCURSION."

[*Concluded.*]

Poetry may be properly divided into two classes; the poetry of imagination and the poetry of sentiment. The one consists in the power of calling up images of the most pleasing or striking kind; the other depends on the strength of the interest which it excites in given objects. The one may be said to arise out of the faculties of memory and invention, conversant with the world of external nature; the other from the fund of our moral sensibility. In the combination of these different excellences, the perfection of poetry consists: the greatest poets of our own and other countries have been equally distinguished for richness of invention and depth of feeling. By the greatest poets of our own country, we mean Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, who evidently possessed both kinds of imagination, the intellectual and moral, in the highest degree. Young and Cowley might be cited as the most brilliant instances of the separation of feeling from fancy, of men who were dazzled by the exuberance of their own thoughts, and whose genius was sacrificed to their want of taste. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, whose powers of feeling are of the highest order, is certainly deficient in fanciful invention: his writings exhibit all the internal power, without the external form of poetry. He has none of the pomp and decoration and scenic effect of poetry: no gorgeous palaces nor solemn temples awe the imagination: no cities rise with glistering spires and pinnacles adorned: we meet with no knights pricked forth on airy steeds; no hairbreadth scapes and perilous accidents by flood or field. Either from the predominant habit of his mind, not requiring the stimulus of outward impressions, or from the want of an imagination teeming with various forms, he takes the common every-day events and objects of Nature, or rather seeks those that are the most simple and barren of effect; but he adds to them a weight of interest from the resources of his own mind, which makes the most insignificant things serious and even formidable. All other interests are absorbed in the deeper interest of his own thoughts, and find the same level. His mind magnifies the littleness of his subject, and raises its meanness; lends it his strength, and clothes it with borrowed grandeur. With him, a mole-hill, covered with wild thyme, assumes the importance of "the great vision of the guarded mount:" a puddle is filled with preternatural faces, and agitated with the fiercest storms of passion; and to his mind, as he himself informs us, and as we can easily believe,

"——— The meanest flow'r that blows can give
"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The extreme simplicity which some persons have objected to Mr. Wordsworth's poetry is to be found only in the subject and the style: the sentiments are subtle and profound. In the latter respect, his poetry is as much above the common standard or capacity, as in the other it is below it. His poems bear a distant resemblance to some of Rembrandt's landscapes, who more than any other painter created the medium through which he saw Nature, and out of the stump of an old tree, a break in the sky, and a bit of water, could produce an effect almost miraculous.

Mr. Wordsworth's poems in general are the history of a refined and contemplative mind, conversant only with itself and nature. An intense feeling of the associations of this kind is the peculiar and characteristic feature of all his productions. He has described the love of nature better than any other poet. This sentiment, inly felt in all its force, and somesimes carried to an excess, is the source both of his strength and of his weakness.—However we may sympathise with Mr. Wordsworth in his attachment to groves and fields, we cannot extend the same admiration to their inhabitants, or to the manners of a country life in general. We go along with him, while he is the subject of his own narrative, but we take leave of him when he makes pedlars and ploughmen his heroes, and the interpreters of his sentiments. It is, we think, getting into low company, and company, besides, that we do not like. We take Mr. Wordsworth himself for a great poet, a fine moralist, and a deep philosopher; but if he insists on introducing us to a friend of his, a parish clerk, or the barber

of the village, who is as wise as himself, we must be excused if we draw back with some little want of cordial faith. We are satisfied with the friendship which subsisted between *Parson Adams* and *Joseph Andrews*.—The author himself lets out occasional hints that all is not as it should be among these northern Arcadians:—

"How gay the habitations that adorn
"This fertile valley! Not a house but seems
"To give assurance of content within,
"Embosomed happiness, and placid love;
"As if the sunshine of the day were met
"With answering brightness in the hearts of all
"Who walk this favoured ground. But chance regards,
"And notice forced upon incurious ears;
"These, if these only, acting in despite
"Of the encomiums by my friend pronounced
"On humble life, forbid the judging mind
"To trust the smiling aspect of this fair
"And noiseless Commonwealth. The simple race
"Of Mountaineers, by Nature's self removed
"From foul temptations, and by constant care
"Of a good Shepherd tended, as themselves
"Do tend their flocks—these share Man's general lot
"With little mitigation. They escape,
"Perchance, guilt's heavier woes; and do not feel
"The tedium of fantastic idleness;
"Yet life, as with the multitude, with them
"Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale,
"That on the outset wastes its gay desires,
"Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,
"And pleasant interests—for the sequel leaving
"Old things repeated with diminished grace,
"And all the laboured novelties, at best
"Imperfect substitutes, whose use and power
"Evince the want and weakness whence they spring."

Though Mr. Wordsworth professes to soften the harsher features of rustic vice, he has given us one picture of depraved and inveterate selfishness, which we apprehend could only be found among the inhabitants of these boasted mountain districts. The account of one of his heroines concludes as follows:—

"A sudden illness seized her in the strength
"Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell
"How on her bed of death the Matron lay,
"To Providence submissive, so she thought;
"But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon—almost
"To anger, by the malady, that griped
"Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,
"As the fierce Eagle fastens on the Lamb.
"She prayed, she moaned—her Husband's Sister watched
"Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
"And yet the very sound of that kind foot
"Was anguish to her ears!—'And must she rule,
"Sole Mistress of this house when I am gone?
"Sit by my fire—possess what I possessed—
"Tend what I tended—calling it hemown!'
"Enough;—I fear, too much,—Of nobler feeling
"Take this example:—One autumnal evening,
"While she was yet in prime of health and strength,
"I well remember, while I passed her door,
"Musing with loitering step, and upward eye
"Turned tow'rds the planet Jupiter, that hung
"Above the centre of the vale, a voice
"Roused me, her voice;—it said, 'That glorious Star
"In its untroubled element will shine
"As now it shines, when we are laid in earth,
"And safe from all our sorrows.'—She is safe,
"And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
"And harsh unkindnesses, are all forgiven;
"Though, in this vale, remembered with deep awe!"

We think it is pushing our love or admiration of natural objects a good deal too far, to make it a set-off against a story like the preceding, which carries that concentration of self-interest and callousness to the feelings of others to its utmost pitch, which is the general character of those who are cut off by their mountains and valleys from an intercourse with mankind, even more than of other country-people.

All country-people hate each other. They have so little comfort that they envy their neighbours the smallest pleasure or advantage, and nearly grudge themselves the necessaries of life. From not being accustomed to enjoyment, they become hardened and averse to it—stupid for want of thought—selfish for want of society. There is nothing good to be had in the country, or, if there is, they will not let you have it. They had rather injure themselves than oblige any one else. The common mode of life is a system of wretchedness and self-denial, like what you read of among barbarous tribes. You live out of the world. You cannot get your tea and sugar without sending to the next town for it: you pay double, and have it of the worst quality. The small-beer is sure to be sour—the milk skimmed—the meat bad, or spoiled in the cooking. You cannot do a single thing you like; you cannot walk out or sit at home, or write or read, or think or look as if you did, without being subject to impertinent curiosity. The apothecary annoys you with his complaisance; the parson with his superciliousness. If you are poor, you are despised; if you are rich, you are feared and hated. If you do any one a favour, the whole neighbourhood is up in arms; the clamour is like that of a rookery: and the person himself, it is ten to one, laughs at you for your pains, and takes the first opportunity of shewing you that he labours under no uneasy sense of obligation. There is a perpetual round of mischief-making and backbiting for want of any better amusement. There are no shops, no taverns, no theatres, no opera, no concerts, no pictures, no public-buildings, no crowded streets, no noise of coaches, or of courts of law,—neither courtiers nor courtesans, no literary parties, no fashionable routes, no society, no books, or knowledge of books. Vanity and luxury are the civilizers of the world and sweeteners of human life. Without objects either of pleasure or action, it grows harsh and crabbed: the mind becomes stagnant, the affections callous, and the eye dull. Man left to himself, soon degenerates into a very disagreeable person. Ignorance is always bad enough; but rustic ignorance is intolerable. Aristotle has observed, that tragedy purifies the affections by terror and pity. If so, a company of tragedians should be established at the public expence, in every village or hundred, as a better mode of education than either Bell's or Lancaster's. The benefits of knowledge are never so well understood as from seeing the effects of ignorance, in their naked, undisguised state, upon the common country people. Their selfishness and insensibility are perhaps less owing to the hardships and privations they undergo, which make them, like people out at sea in a boat, ready to devour one another, than to their having no idea of any thing beyond themselves and their immediate sphere of action. They have no knowledge of, and consequently can take no interest in, any thing which is not an object of their senses, and of their daily pursuits. They hate all strangers, and have generally a nickname for the inhabitants of the next village. The two young noblemen in Gusman d'Alfarache, who went to visit their mistresses only a league out of Madrid, were set upon by the peasants, who came round them, calling out, "*a wolf.*" Those who have no

enlarged or liberal ideas, can have no disinterested or generous sentiments. Persons who are in the habit of reading novels and romances, are compelled to take a deep interest and to have their affections strongly excited by fictitious characters and imaginary situations: their thoughts and feelings are constantly carried out of themselves, to persons they never saw, and things that never existed: history enlarges the mind, by familiarising us with the great vissisitudes of human affairs, and the catastrophes of states and kingdoms; the study of morals accustoms us to refer our actions to a general standard of right and wrong, and abtract reasoning, in general, strengthens the love of truth, and produces an inflexibility of principle which cannot stoop to low trick and cunning. Books, in Lord Bacon's phrase, are "a discipline of humanity." Country people have none of these advantages, nor any others to supply the place of them. Having no circulating libraries to exhaust their love of the marvellous, they amuse themselves with *fancying* the disasters and disgraces of their particular acquaintance. Having no hump-backed *Richard* to excite their wonder and abhorrence, they make themselves a bugbear of their own, out of the first obnoxious person they can lay their hands on. Not having the fictitious distresses and gigantic crimes of poetry to stimulate their imagination and their passions, they vent their whole stock of spleen, malice, and invention, on their friends and next-door neighbours. They get up a little pastoral drama at home, with fancied events, but real characters. All their spare time is spent in manufacturing and propagating the lie for the day, which does its office, and expires. The next day is spent in the same manner. It is thus that they embellish the simplicity of rural life! The common people in civilised countries are a kind of domesticated savages. They have not the wild imagination, the passions, the fierce energies, or dreadful vicissitudes of the savage tribes, nor have they the leisure, the indolent enjoyments, and romantic superstition, which belonged to the pastoral life in milder climates and more remote periods of society. They are taken out of a state of nature, without being put in possession of the refinements of art. The customs and institutions of society cramp their imaginations without giving them knowledge. If the inhabitants of the mountainous districts, described by Mr. Wordsworth, are less gross and sensual than others, they are more selfish. Their egotism becomes more concentrated, as they are more insulated, and their purposes more inveterate, as they have less competition to struggle with. The weight of matter which surrounds them crushes the finer sympathies. Their minds become hard and cold, like the rocks which they cultivate. The immensity of their mountains makes the human form appear little and insignificant. Men are seen crawling between Heaven and earth, like insects, to their graves. Nor do they regard one another more than flies on a wall. Their physiognomy expresses the materialism of their character, which has only one principle—rigid self-will. They move on, with their eyes and foreheads fixed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, with a heavy slouch in their gait, and seeming as if nothing would divert them from their path. We do not admire this plodding pertinacity, always directed to the main chance. There is nothing which excites so little sympathy in our minds, as exclusive selfishness.—If our theory is wrong, at least it is taken from pretty close observation, and is, we think, confirmed by Mr. Wordsworth's own account.

Of the stories contained in the latter part of the volume, we like that of the Whig and Jacobite friends, and of the good knight, Sir Alfred Irthing, the best. The last reminded us of the fine sketch of a similar character in the beautiful poem of *Hart Leap Well*. We conceive, that about as many fine things have passed through Mr. Wordsworth's mind, as, with five or six exceptions, through any human mind whatever. The conclusion of the passage we refer to is admirable, and comes in like some dying close in music:—

" So fails, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
" The grey-haired Wanderer pensively exclaimed,
" All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
" The stars of human glory are cast down;
" Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings,
" Princes and Emperors, and the crowns and palms
" Of all the Mighty, withered and consumed!
" Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
" Long to protect his own. The man himself
" Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
" Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
" In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
" Did most resemble him. Degrees and Ranks,
" Fraternities and Orders—heaping high
" New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
" And placing trust in privilege confirmed
" And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
" Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
" Of Desolation aimed: to slow decline
" These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
" Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
" Expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,
" Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
" Their monuments and their memory. The vast frame
" Of social nature changes evermore
" Her organs and her members, with decay
" Restless, and restless generation, powers
" And functions dying and produced at need,—
" And by this law the mighty Whole subsists:
" With an ascent and progress in the main;
" Yet oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
" And expectations of self-flattering minds!"

If Mr. Wordsworth does not always write in this manner, it is his own fault. He can as often as he pleases. It is not in our power to add to, or take away from, the pretensions of a poem like the present, but if our opinion or wishes could have any the least weight, we would take our leave of it by saying—*Esto perpetua!* W. H.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

DEPLORABLE EFFECTS OF RELIGIOUS DELUSION.

A man for many years the faithful and industrious servant of most respectable manufacturers in the North of England, where he lived in comfort and contentment, in an evil hour went to hear the preachers delegated by this woman; and becoming infatuated with doctrines that held forth the time to be near, when according to *Jonathan Towzer, the holy man of Devon*, "*the Leabourer shall live witheawten swat o's breaw*," he, much against the wishes of his masters, who greatly respected him, relinquished his situation. In the same manufactory he had a brother-in-law, who held a similar employment, but who, happy to keep life's wheels in motion by the sweat of his brow, while praying, could not help blaming his brother in very severe terms for yielding to the impulse excited by such sloth-creating and abominable doctrines. At this period the coming of Shiloh, and actual commencement of the Millennium, was announced among the Johannian Votaries; wearied therefore with the reproaches of his friends,—who it seems did not

scripture to load even the holy Maiden herself with certain epithets, which, however truly applied, sounded harshly to him—and ravished with visions of eternal ease, health and happiness, visions that displayed before him rivers of wine, milk, and honey, of themselves perpetually flowing to fill the cans and pitchers of the faithful. About five weeks ago, he set out on foot for London, to be upon the spot at the time when this little Sprig, or rather *branch* as it is called, of the Divinity, should first appear.

In about a week after the day on which he began his journey, this charmed pedestrian found himself in the middle of one of London's principal thoroughfares, jostled by every passer by, before he recollected himself sufficiently to consider what he was to do. It was night; he was a total stranger; utterly unacquainted with the society of cities; recognizing no face; having no advisers, except the perturbed dictates of his own mind. Money he had a little, but his dress and dialect rendered his possession of it, until *spent fairly*, not a little precarious. Keeping however the original intention of his journey in view, he asked his way to the residence of the Reverend Jonathan Towzer, and the holy place where that Bonnerges of faith rendered edified the Brethren; to which, "*dictum est factum*" the way that leadeth to destruction being broad and known to many, he was directed. Full of an expectation, at once eager, enthusiastic, and comforting hope, that whispered how soon his wearied limbs, and the bundle containing his sum of worldly wealth, would side by side repose, if not under his own—at least under the vine and fig tree of the said Reverend Jonathan, and at the hour of eleven, one moonless night, he knocked at the portal of that grave Divine, and elate with cheerful confidence, requested to see him, producing at the same time sufficient testimonials of his orthodoxy; when, to his infinite disappointment, mortification, and despair, he received an answer of denial, and the door was shut against him. Alas, alas! the lowly votary *seemed* poor, was miserable, was dejected, was wounded to lameness through the length of the way, and was, as Mr. Towzer truly observed, a Stranger!!! A stranger, whose hand was not filled with gold and perfumes, neither held it caudle-cup, punch-bowl, ladle, lace, cot, or cap; no, not so much as a single pap-spoon, or napkin for the tail of little Shiloh. Commiserating charity therefore could not be expected to warm the High Priest's bosom, towards a worshipper whose only offering was an honest, well meaning, though sadly deluded heart: no, no; the fountain of humane feeling had long ago, like his Chapel now, been shut up in him until Shiloh come. Mistaken, poor, and friendless visionary! after this rebuff from the prime officiator, didst thou fare better in applying for relief to his underlings? Alas! not a jot: not only was closed the vestibule of the temple, but though implored with tears and while sinking with unutterable anguish to the earth, thou wast not permitted to seek a transient oblivion of the bitter consequences of thy folly. No, not even in the hay loft. At last, one, we believe, of the pious fraternity, apprehensive of an unpleasant result, who to his faith added a grain or two of virtue, and who, if not absolute knowledge, joined to his virtue a little discretion, seeing the inevitable lot of this helpless stranger to be either an exposure to the noxious dews of night and to street depredation, or to the more baneful atmosphere of one of those haunts of suburbian depravity which only at that late hour were open, had the humanity to take care of him for the night. From the protection of this person, however, he soon removed, and becoming again a wanderer, found the asylum where he now is in safety, and exposed to no other inconvenience than what results from a distracted mind, which appears to be more and more overpowered by this dreadful delusion, blinds him totally to the horrors of his situation, and must ultimately and shortly bring him to starvation and death, unless snatched from it by the divine hand of charity, and after being convinced of his folly, put into a situation where he may earn his bread.

He is, in fact, under the protection of Englishmen, who, though poor and doomed to toil hard, glory in the name; who, though fully acknowledging the inscrutability of the ways of their God to be equal to his omnipotence, cannot forbear the exercise of the reason bestowed by him; who assumed that his very essence is charity, know that every man to be OF HIM, must, although human, bear some resemblance in that sublime virtue TO HIM, and that therefore a total destitution of charity is a total dissimilarity TO HIM. THE MAN THEN WHO IS DESTITUTE OF CHARITY CANNOT BE OF GOD. He is with men, who, while most painfully compassionating the victim of pernicious tenets, in respect to the manner in which such doctrines affect the community, cannot help criminating alike those who disseminate, and those who, though possessed of a restraining power, suffer them to be disseminated. Any member of the public who *feels* for the interests of true religion, and who wishes not to supplant the gracious being who for us laid down his life, and whose sacred name we bear, by a wicked and worthless impostor, may be fully satisfied of the truth of this narrative, by applying either personally, or by letter, post paid, addressed to W. S. at Mr. Forrester's Register Office, Union-street, Bishopsgate-street. We beg leave to observe, that as thousands are daily verging to the same point of fanatical idiotcy, it is advisable for every individual in his little circle, to advocate with zeal the tenets of reason and truth, as delivered by the Saviour of the world and his Apostles; the progress of this folly might then be arrested; for although few, like the hapless subject of this narrative, whose situation is peculiar, may be objects of active charity, all so infatuated are worthy of our pity, and a trial to persuade them into a better mind. Ridicule, when employed against fanaticism, has but little power; and this narrative is given to the public from a sense of duty. The subject is becoming too serious to be jested with. T.

COURT OF REQUESTS.

MR. EXAMINER,—Some time since I sent a communication to your Paper respecting the above places; the instances I gave at that time I was ready to verify on oath, had I been called upon. Having paid some attention to them since that period, I am more than ever convinced by the number of flagrant cases I have heard, that they are become serious evils, I mean *Courts of Request* and *Courts of Conscience*, the latter certainly is a misnomer, and as Parliament is about to meet, I should feel particularly obliged to you to insert this, wherein I call upon all respectable Tradesmen, who keep a vast number of work people, to step forward and join in a Petition to the Legislature to redress this great grievance. Every man who reads this, who has many journeymen, will, without any very minute detail, feel the force of this appeal. I therefore suggest that some one person, who has suffered much, should advertize a public meeting, which he need not fear will be fully attended.—I am, Sir, your's respectfully.

Sept. 26, 1814. J. SAWYER.

POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

The neighbourhood of Brownlow-street, Long-acre, was thrown into a state of alarm on Monday evening, by cries of murder proceeding from No. 14, where a man and his wife, of the name of Coveney, resided. It appeared, that on Sunday night Anne Coveney was taken into custody for making a disturbance, lodged in the watch-house all night, and on Monday morning she was conveyed to Bow-street, when she was discharged on her promising to conduct herself better. On her return home her husband was in a great rage with her for having been out all night, and declaring she should not leave their apartment any more that day, locked her in. In the evening, about seven o'clock, she insisted on going out; he refused to let her, a scuffle ensued, and he beat her with a pair of bellows, which he broke to pieces about her head; she in retaliation inflicted a deep wound on the left side of his belly; she obtained the key of the room up two pair of stairs, and went running down stairs, crying, and begging of Mr. Glover, the landlord, to go up stairs as her husband was bleeding to death. Mr. Glover went up stairs and in his way met the wounded man; he was

opposite by a man named Lindsey, who led him to a workshop, where he sat down in a chair and exclaimed he was a dead man. Mr. Dombleton, the headborough, was sent for. On his arrival he found Mr. Coveney sitting on the bed, bleeding very profusely. Several persons were then in the room; Mrs. Coveney was near her husband with a butcher's knife in her hand with which she had inflicted the wound; the officers took the knife from her; she, however, ran to her husband, kissed him, and said, "My dear, if you die, I have murdered you!" He answered, "I am a dying man." Mr. Coveney was taken to the Middlesex Hospital, where the surgeon in attendance declared the wound dangerous. Mrs. Coveney was taken to Bow-street, where she was committed for a further investigation.

HATTON GARDEN.

On Monday, *James George Semple Lisle*, better known by the name of *Major Semple*, was brought up, charged with defrauding Henry Grommar, who keeps a cheese-monger's shop in Devonshire-street, Queen square, of two pieces of bacon and a lump of butter.

Henry Grommar, a boy, was in his father shop when the prisoner came in; he was positive that the prisoner at the bar was the man: after the prisoner bought the butter and bacon, he left the shop, and witness's mother tied it up and sent him with it. As witness was carrying the parcel home, he met the prisoner waiting for him in Cross-street: the prisoner walked before witness to No. 42, and when he came to the door he pulled the first floor bell, and gave a double knock at the door, which was opened by the Lady of the house; the prisoner walked in, and taking the parcel out of witness's hand, who was standing outside, he bid him go home and bring six-penny worth of eggs, and on his return he should be paid for all, and immediately the door was shut;—witness went home and returned again with the eggs; he knocked at the door, which was opened by the lady of the house; he enquired for the gentleman, to whom he delivered the bacon and butter, and she informed him he did not live there, neither did she know him; that after he came in he enquired for a gentleman, saying is not this King-street? she informed him it was not, on which the prisoner begged pardon, saying he made a mistake, and immediately went off.—The prisoner regretted that the lady of the house was not present, and also that he was unfortunate in being taken for some other person who bore a strong resemblance to him in every respect, for the truth of which he appealed to one of the officers, Read, sen. saying, that he was sworn to by several respectable persons at the Public Office, in Bow-street, to have committed no offence, when at the same time he lay in an hospital on the Upper Rhine.—Other charges have since been brought against the Major, which have not yet been determined.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

A Coroner's Inquest was held on Tuesday night, at the Somerset Arms, Little Chelsea, on the body of Thomas Bond, Esq.—*William Ediker* stated, he was servant to Mrs. Radford, opposite to the house in which Mr. Bond lived. He knew Mr. B. about two or three years, and he used generally to behave himself very strangely. About eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, the whole neighbourhood was alarmed by the screams of Mrs. B. On enquiring what was the matter, she exclaimed, "Tom has made away with himself!" He looked into the room, where he saw Mr. B. lying on the floor with his throat cut, and apparently quite dead. A surgeon was procured, but assistance was useless. A razor lay near the body.—*Mr. Brandon*, of Covent-garden Theatre, apologised by letter for not attending the inquest, but said he was ready to state on oath, that Mr. Bond had shewn many symptoms of insanity during the last two or three years.—*Mr. Joseph Morcing*, of Walham-green, stated, he had known the deceased six or seven years; and that it was his opinion, as well as that of many of Mr. B.'s friends, that for two or three years his conduct was almost always that of an insane man.—The CORONER observed, that he had been well acquainted with the father, and knew the deceased from a boy, of whose insanity he entertained no doubt; it had long been obvious enough to many at times. The Jury returned a verdict of—*Insanity*.

Saturday week, by the timely interference of a gentleman passing, a respectable looking old soldier was prevented from drowning himself by jumping from Westminster Bridge into the Thames. The poor fellow was so bent on self-destruction, that he made a second attempt to throw himself into the river. The gentleman then resolved not to leave him, but took him before Mr. Fielding, the Magistrate, to whom he stated that he was a soldier, and had been a prisoner in France for nine years—that on his return to England, he found no one who cared any thing about him; and that, as something hung heavily on his mind, he had wished to get rid of life! Mr. F. had him taken care of till he appeared to be calm, and aroused to a sense of the danger from which he had escaped, when he was conducted home.

Tuesday se'night, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, as Mr. Flower, the son of Sir Charles Flower, was going to his father's country house on horseback, at Woodford, when he got near the George Inn, at Woodford, he was attacked by a single footpad, armed with a pistol, who ordered him to stop and deliver his money, or he would shoot him; Mr. Flower trusting to the fleetness of his horse, spurred him, but he had proceeded but a very few paces, when two more robbers rushed from the hedge and discharged a pistol at him; providentially the contents missed Mr. Flower, but entered the horse: the animal then stood, Mr. Flower jumped off, and, at the instant he alighted, he received a violent blow, which he supposed to be from the butt end of a pistol, in consequence of which he fell and lay senseless for a considerable time—he supposes about a quarter of an hour. When he came to himself, he found all his pockets emptied, his horse and the robbers gone: he with considerable difficulty reached his father's house, which was about a mile off, being very unwell from the effects of the blow, which he still feels. The robbers had the appearance of soldiers.

MARRIAGES.

On Saturday the 1st inst. at St. Pancras Church, Mr. W. M. Marchant, of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn fields, gentleman, to Miss Jennings, late of Craven House, Kentish Town, eldest daughter of the late R. W. Jennings, Esq. of Carey-street, Lincoln's-Inn.

On the 15th ult. Mr. Richard Gibson, of Blackfriar's-road, to Miss Lievier, daughter of Mr. W. Lievier, of the same place.

DEATHS.

On the 23d ult. at Heaton House, near Manchester, in the 66th year of his age, the Earl of Wilton, Viscount and Baron Grey de Wilton, and Baronet. His Lordship married one of the daughters of Sir Ralph Assheton, Bart. Their only surviving issue is a daughter, married to the Earl Grosvenor, whose second son, the Hon. Thomas Grosvenor, a minor, succeeds to the titles of the deceased Earl.

On Thursday week, at Knightsbridge, Mr. John Read, Mathematical Instrument Maker, at the advanced age of 88 years;—"A man (says a Correspondent) of a strong mind and deep philosophical research, to whom the science of electricity owes many valuable experiments made by an electrometer of his own construction, which extended many yards above his house. By industry only, he acquired an easy competence—by temperance, long life—by an honest sincerity and a truly *benevolent* disposition, the esteem of the neighbourhood in which he had resided near 60 years. He was the Father of the Knightsbridge Charity School, and by his will has provided for the revival of the Free School of his native place. He lived to the best purpose, to be useful to himself and society, and to meet death with calm resignation:—

"Well pleased to stay, but ready to depart,
"Death had no horrors for his honest heart:
"He eat to live, and lived to die with ease,
"Chang'd, unperceived, and died without disease."

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